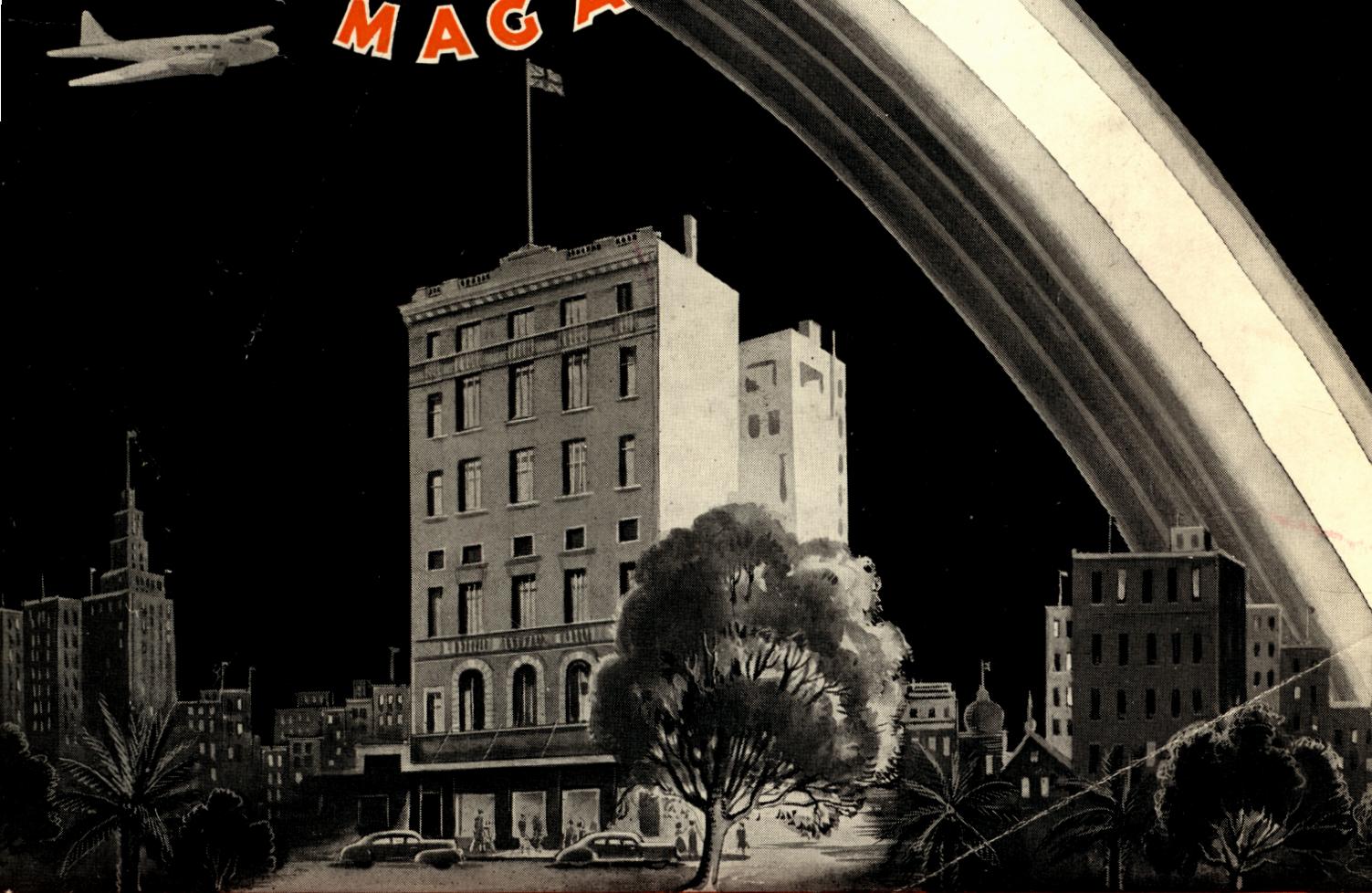


TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

I. 23,

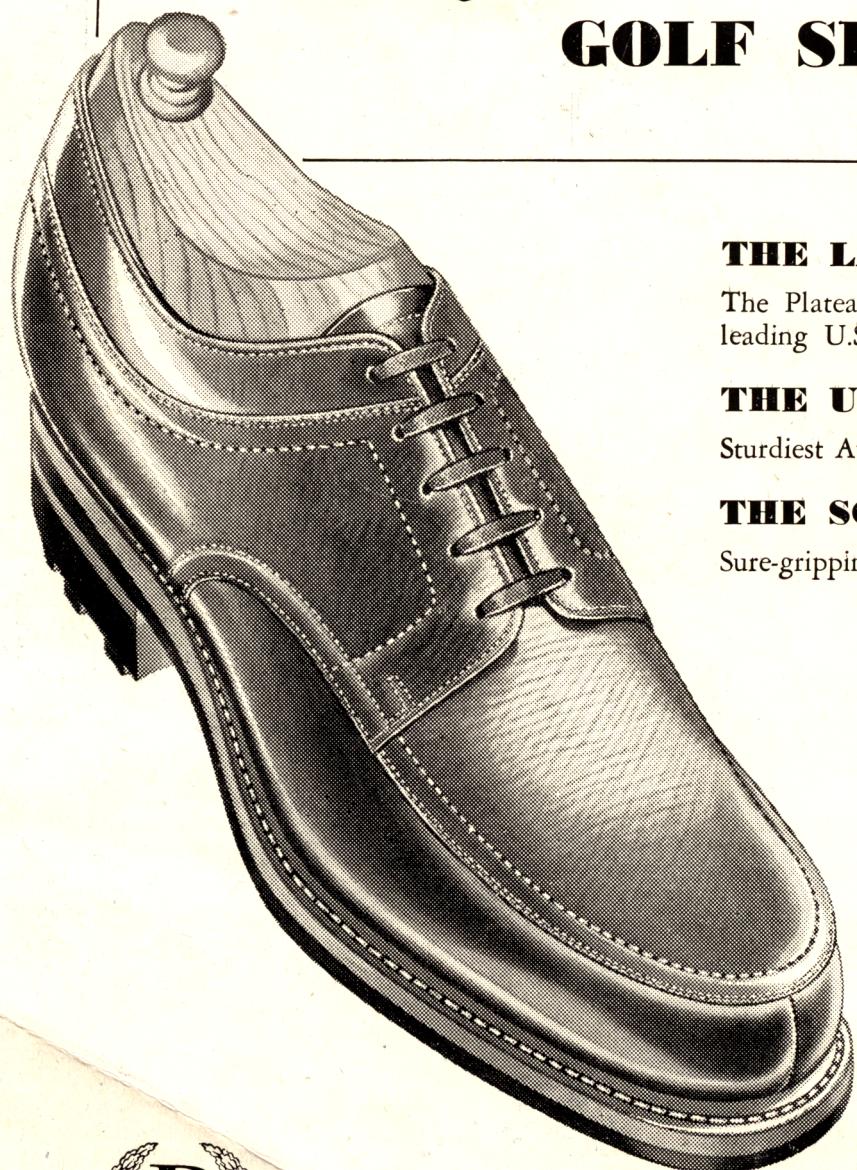
MARCH, 1950

No. 1.

THE

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The Club Creed: Charity

CHARITY is rated among the liveliest virtues—but what is charity? Some like to apply it as a conscience salve; to give so much that won't be missed, and regard such as a satisfying act of contrition. Charity means more, and demands more.

St. Paul has said in practical terms that, if he surrendered all his goods to the poor, if he delivered up his body to be burnt, "and I have not charity it profiteth me nothing." What St. Paul referred to was not the charity of the pocket, but the charity of the heart.

Anyone may be charitable in giving; but he should be equally charitable in forgiving. No one may give away money and, in the giving withhold something that money can't buy, which is the charity of the heart that refuses to judge harshly, that is not associated with cold calculation as quid pro quo, but is something warm and intimate and humane. Not "What do I get?" but "What can I give?" Not "Does he deserve it?" but "Does he require it?"

Sportsmen do the charitable deeds, and keep on doing them, because they accept charity as part of the sportsman's creed—charity of the pocket inspired by charity of the heart.

This creed was put into the minds (and the hearts) of members as far back as 1858, the year of the foundation of Tattersall's Club. Ever since it has flourished, like the green bay tree in every national crisis—war or economic—this club has upheld worthily the creed of its founders by contributing to the cause or the requirement, by giving and giving again through its funds, through its race meetings, as well as by appeals to the general body of its members.

So Tattersall's Club, with a tradition founded on the sporting creed 92 years ago, provides its members with more than the material things of life. Its spiritual purpose is communicated, almost without your being aware of it, through media other than amusement and refreshment.



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

O

Chairman:

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Treasurer:

JOHN A ROLES

Committee:

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GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**A. V. MILLER
G. J. C. MOORE
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DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

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SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle
OUTRIGGER CANOE CLUB Honolulu

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

MARCH

4th Roy Hendy, C.M.G.	17th P. Nolan
H. L. Lambert	18th H. R. Leeder
5th F. J. Carberry	22nd Jack Allen
6th A. A. Ritchie	25th J. Broadbent
V. C. Bear	Mark Whitby
Vincent Carroll	26th J. A. Roles
J. A. Fraser	M. Frank Albert
10th A. G. Collins	S. Goldberg
11th J. H. E. Nathan	29th G. J. C. Moore
14th G. W. Savage	31st J. L. McDermott
15th E. A. Moore	

APRIL

5th Norman McLeod	13th O. Keyser
W. J. McIver	14th F. N. Manhood
6th G. E. Nagel	W. J. Bradley
8th M. V. Gibson	22nd J. W. Breckenridge
9th P. R. Harnett	23rd D. Lotherington
10th K. A. Bennett	24th H. R. McLeod
W. R. Dovey, K.C.	25th Hector Reid
11th R. Price	28th Geo. Sanderson
12th C. L. Fader	30th P. T. Kavanagh

Members are invited to notify the Secretary of the date of their birthday.

WE had an experience last month —still another example — of the charity that springs spontaneously from sportsmen. The Lord Mayor opened a fund for the Tarakan sufferers. Proceeds of a cricket match, on No. 1 S.C.G., between elevens representing Brisbane Tattersall's Club and Sydney Tattersall's Club, were contributed to that fund.

* * *

HOW came the proceeds? Not by the gate—by the generous giving of the players and spectators from the Brisbane and Sydney Clubs. They dipped deeply into their pockets. They felt themselves committed to this good cause. Their response was splendid.

* * *

ONE of the Brisbaneites said, after the match: "We were a good side beaten by the demon bowler, Hospitality. We'll have him on our side in the return match in Brisbane."

* * *

DR. BERNARD RILEY told at the match at S.C.G. of an occasion when he saw a telegram addressed from Sydney to a bookmaker operating in Melbourne. The telegram rated a certain horse a certainty, so Dr. Riley wired his brother in Sydney

to place a tenner on the horse for him. The sure thing finished down the straight.

Later, the bookmaker to whom the wire had been addressed, called Dr. Riley across and said: "Bernard, I put a tenner on that horse for you." So Dr. Riley's information put him £20 out of pocket.

* * *

J. P. LE LIEVRE, who hails from the pastoral property of Wuttagoona, outside Cobar, was Tom Sweet's guest at luncheon. The visitor told of paying a drover £60 a week to drive sheep 157 miles from Charleville (Q.) to Wuttagoona. Sheep were three months on the

road. Mr. Le Lievre did not consider drover's fee excessive as he paid for everything in personnel and equipment, except Government bore water en route.

* * *

IF you want to get a refreshing thrill and are past the stage of taking to the Club's pool, pay a visit there and watch the racing. The ducks in Centennial Park have nothing on those lads for real enjoyment.

* * *

GORDON BOOTH received a letter dated 21st January from Harold Hill in London. Harold sends regards to all his bowling friends and is having an enjoyable trip. He says he won a couple of prizes at deck quoits on the way over, mainly due, so he states, to his knowledge of bowls. He was about to start on a trip to Switzerland and intended leaving for Australia on the Orion on 17th February so it will not be long before we have the pleasure of having Harold with us again.

* * *

DURING a short visit to Australia Sir Thomas and Lady Eades were entertained at dinner in the Club by Treasurer J. A. Roles and his wife. Sir Thomas, amongst his other activities, is Chairman of Directors of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Co. of England. At the invitation of the Directors of the Sydney Turf Club the distinguished visitors were present at the Rosehill races, squired by Mr. Roles. Sir Thomas, whose main recreations are golf and tennis, was greatly impressed by the appointments both at Tattersall's Club and the Rosehill Racecourse.

* * *

DEATHS

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue.

OSCAR WILSON (City), Elected 17/1/1927; Died 25/1/1950. W. C. MOODIE (City), Elected 22/5/1911; Died 5/2/1950. G. B. DEAN (City), Elected 25/6/1934; Died 9/2/1950.

Honours Go To Sydney

Brisbane Tattersall's Club beaten after sporting game on Sydney Cricket Ground

PLEASING feature of the much talked of cricket match between teams representing Brisbane Tattersall's Club and Sydney Tattersall's Club was that Charity—for which the game was played—won, doubling in its contribution—£500 odd—the combined scores of the elevens.

The match itself was otherwise distinguished by keenness, but not to the degree of inhibiting the sporting spirit. Gaiety had free play without dominating a serious approach, a will to win.

Played on No. 1 S.C.G., the match did not rob that historic headquarters of any lustre, but rather went down in the records as a game played as the game of cricket should be played.

R. L. Jones, chairman of Sydney Cricket Ground Trust, voiced that sentiment in his welcome, stressing that an appeal on behalf of a worthy cause—in this instance the Lord Mayor's Tarakan Fund—always found ready response among sportsmen.

Brisbane set Sydney 122 to win—a modest score in view of the calibre of several of the batsmen, but due also in some measure to the bowling

of Ken Woolridge, former G.P.S. player. Top scorer was D. Smith (28), followed by M. Crockett (26). Don Mossop, grade player, of whom great things were expected, did not get going.

Sydney went to the creases with the idea of getting runs quickly, but the opening pair—A. T. Norton and Mel. Watson—went cheaply in attempting to force the play. Along came McCamley, steady as a rock. His partnership with Woolridge clinched the game for Sydney, although Brisbane bowlers, Warlow, Siganto, Roberts and Young performed creditably and were never pasted.

Sam Peters made the winning hit for Sydney.

Brisbaneites had no excuses, beyond making dark references to the demon Sydney bowler, Hospitality. Well, Hospitality played on the side of Brisbane in that city—proving that the visiting eleven are always under a disadvantage. That's cricket as we like to see it played—a get-together, a cementing of friendships, a promotion of that which is expressed in our motto.

SUIT PRESSING AND CLEANING SERVICE

Members are advised that they may take advantage of a 2 hour Suit Pressing Service, also 24 hour Suit Dry Cleaning and Pressing Service.

SUITS TO BE LEFT WITH THE ENQUIRY OFFICE ON THE GROUND FLOOR

CHARGES :

PRESSING 3/6
CLEANING & PRESSING 5/-

M. D. J. DAWSON,
4th March, 1950. Secretary.

The Captains were: Frank Young (Brisbane), and Joe Harris (Sydney). Theirs is the memory of having lead teams on famous S.C.G. No. 1 ground.

On the evening following the match, the visitors were entertained by their rivals at the Clovelly Hotel. The Lord Mayor presided, and Tattersall's Club was represented officially by Messrs. John Hickey (chairman), A. G. Collins and Frank Carberry (members of the committee).

The visitors were given an informal reception in the Club by the Chairman and Members of the Committee on the day of their arrival.

Do You Know

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TO LUNCHEON ON SATURDAYS AND DINNER WEEK NIGHTS

DINNER AND DANCE MUSIC

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Nights

A Club Man Writes of His Travels

This is the second of a series of articles written about his travels overseas by Club Member, **GEORGE RYDER**, specially for "Tattersall's Club Magazine." "Dot" refers to Mrs. Ryder. "Dave" is **Dave Chrystal, Sydney businessman and Club Member.**

WE saw over Lord Derby's Stud—and this was certainly something, specially his homes and sheds and buildings in general. The home where his head boy lives was a better home than ours. As the manager was showing us over the racing stables I wanted to take snaps of horses, but he would not take them out of their stables, saying "You can take snaps from the door if you like." However, he brought out the stallions, including Hyperion, Watling Street and others.

Right on 4.30 p.m. a bell rang throughout the stables and the manager said: "Well, there it is, gentlemen, I will have to leave you now." Next we saw the boys coming out of the buildings. You could not get a word out of any of them, so we got in our car and left. They have won-

derful types of men looking after their studs and racing stables. These men are most interesting to talk to and will answer any question you like to ask providing it is not their busy time. We saw many of Lord Derby's yearlings running in the paddocks and they looked extra good to us. They all had their names on a head collar although only twelve months old.

We had tickets for the Royal enclosure at Ascot, so Dave and I rented appropriate clothes and along we went. We had a very close-up view of the Royal family. We thought they looked and acted natural. To see them coming up the straight in their carriages, with the guards on horseback in the brilliant colours, was worth the visit. We went to Ascot two days. The racing was good and we were able to take more interest in the actual racing than at the Derby meeting. Our luck wasn't good as we only backed one winner during the two days. Mr. and Mrs. John Tully drove us out and back to Ascot and, for that matter, all over England.

The men take more trouble in dress than the women, which is a pity. It is nothing to see men in the middle of the day with topper hats, morning clothes, walking stick and gloves. To me this was not very manly; but, then, I must be wrong, because it was men like those who flew the fighters during the war.

We were lucky in England to have a good friend in Eileen Hill, who is an Australian living over in London for a while. She acted as our guide when we drove into the country and she was extremely good in reading maps.

Don't Like Cold Beer

We had heard a lot about the old pubs. Dave and I used to sample their beer now and again but eventually had to give the idea away. They, apparently, had never heard of such a thing as cold beer and we just couldn't get used to the luke-warm stuff.

A funny incident happened one night at the Athenaeum Court. We got the barman to put a few dozen bottles on the ice when we came in at night. The first few nights he used to put them on the ice when we

came in and, after a few talks, we convinced him that it would be necessary to put them on the ice first thing in the morning before they would be any good to us at night. This he agreed to do but thought there was surely something wrong with us.

Just to show you they don't like cold beer I will tell you about a friend who came in for dinner one night. First of all we had one of the usual hot beers; then I said that I could not drink any more of the stuff and asked him to have a real beer. When the barman produced one of our cold beers and the chap tasted it, I said, "Isn't that a much better drink?" He said to be polite, "Yes, it is," but after a while I noticed that he hadn't drunk any more out of his glass, so I asked him what was the matter and he replied, "I can't drink it because it is too cold and is giving me cramps in the stomach."

Of course, the greatest thing that we saw was Wimbledon. It had to live up to the highest degree of effi-

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ciency possible where everything was run like clockwork from the smallest detail to the most important event. We were told about this wonderful place and expected to see something which would live in our memories. Wimbledon did not let its barrackers down. It was everything and more than what we had been told by Jack Crawford and all the other tennis players who had been lucky enough to have played on the famous courts.

So it was with all this talk and expectancy that we drove out to the court the first day of the English championships. As we approached the courts, about a hundred yards before the first entrance gates, we came up to a guide in uniform who had a quick look at the sticker on the front of our car and directed us further along toward the gate. Within three minutes we had our car parked without the slightest fuss or bother although cars were streaming in by the hundreds. We were ushered into the stand where we had perfect seats to see all the matches.

The way the championships are managed, the system they have with hire cars to bring the players from their respective hotels to make sure that they are on time for their matches, the umpiring (although terrible at times) was keen and the umpires did the best they could, in fact, the whole atmosphere, brought about by the above, plus hearing all the foreign languages around you, made you feel as if you would like to get on the court and try and burst a ball.

Among Those Present

A few funny things happen at Wimbledon and prove that the best way to make money for the clubs running tennis championships is to cater for the public who don't know the first thing about the game of tennis, but attract them by other means. Wimbledon has that attraction; firstly, by the champions who appear from all corners of the earth. You will see movie stars who seem to be conveniently in England during this famous fortnight, the Royal Family, who love to watch the matches, and many other notables who attend to be seen by others, and to say to their neighbours the next week that they had been to Wimbledon and describe in detail how, through influence, they

had got their tickets. To get these tickets takes some wrangling and every day, specially those days when there are good matches set down on the programme, you see thousands of tennis enthusiasts standing in queues, hundreds of yards long, trying to get in.

This, to Dot, Dave and I, was the only thing that worried us, seeing all these people who more than likely play the game and were keen students who had no chance of getting a ticket because Mr. or Mrs. Tidley Fish, who didn't know the first thing about the game, knew a man who knew a man who could get them a ticket and took up the seat because



Former Club Chairman Stan Chatterton, who has been excelling himself of late on the bowling green (see story page 12).

it was the right thing to do to be seen at Wimbledon Championships. Dot and I can say that during the two weeks we did not miss a day, and during that time we did not hear any one person discuss the matches with any tennis knowledge whatsoever. Some of the remarks we overheard would make you mad and annoyed us terribly when we were concentrating on a good match.

Ball to Ball Talk

After Geoff. Brown had been playing about three sets you would hear some bright spark say "Look, that Australian is holding the racquet with both hands," or, after a doubles game had been in progress for half an hour, they would try to work out who the players were on the court.

In fact, there were so many silly remarks passed that we very nearly lost control at times and asked them to keep quiet. Men would discuss the match while play was in progress. One of them would imagine he knew a lot about the game and would be giving his friend a ball to ball description of the play, and it was quite obvious to anyone who knew the meanest thing about the game that he had never been on a court in his life, let alone play. This might be hard to believe, but it has to be seen and heard to be believed.

We met Ted Avery and his wife Valda during the championships. Ted is one of the Committee and both he and his wife were marvellous to us. They asked us to their home. Apart from having four hours' good time laughing at Ted, who turned out to be a first-class comedian, besides being (with his wife) a wonderful host. We had the one and only good meal in England that night.

HANDBALL NOTES

THE new season's competition is now under way. Novelty has been infused with a teams' knock-out tournament. There are 14 teams in the line-up and are set out below. In each case the first-named player is captain of his group and is responsible for its members. A new star looms over the horizon in David Bloomfield, who bids fair to have his name regularly among the tops. Quite right, too—he is a "chip off the old block"—Alf of the ilk who was the Club's first champion.

E. E. Davis, Norm Barrell, Carl Phillips. B. Partridge, G. Boulton, J. Shaffran. G. McGilvray, D. Jenner, S. Murray. W. Hannan, B. Hodgson, L. A. Silk. J. R. Coen, E. Thompson, W. R. Dovey. J. Buckle, J. Neville, Neil Barrell. C. Woodfield, G. Goldie, W. Sellen. I. Green, J. O. Dexter, W. B. Phillips. K. Hunter, G. Pratten, M. Fuller. P. J. Hernon, W. S. Edwards, S. B. Solomon. P. Lindsay, W. Kirwan, A. K. Webber. A. Magill, C. Chatterton, D. Bloomfield. A. McCamley, H. E. Davis, B. Adams. E. T. Penfold, Z. Lazarus, P. Hill.

LORD COBHAM, remembered here as Hon. C. H. Lylletton, member of Errol Holmes' English XI in the thirties, was introduced to Club members by Fred Fearon and made an hon. member. Among the company met by Lord Cobham was Committee-man A. G. Collins, who had met the Englishman previously on cricket occasions in the Old Country.

MAN FROM NOTTINGHAM

Written in "Invincible Short Story Magazine" by Frank Browne, about Larwood—the Halley's Comet of Cricket—who is coming to settle here.

MOST men who have gone down in cricketing history as great players had careers in Tests that stretched over a period of ten years or more.

Actually, his record as the most fearsome bowler that the world has known is founded on only one series of Tests, although he played in three.

When Australian cricketers saw the Team selected to tour Australia by the M.C.C. in 1932 they had few qualms. The side included four fast bowlers, but all had played in the 1930 series, and none had performed with much success.

Amongst them was Harold Larwood, who had finished the 1930 series with only 4 wickets, obtained at a cost of 73 runs apiece.

Their equanimity lasted until the touring side reached Melbourne, and Victorian batsmen faced him.

But he was not the Larwood they had known.

He was yards faster than any bowler they had ever seen, more accurate, and lifting a ball higher from a good length than any man had ever done before.

This was bad enough, but he had a packed left side field, which meant that any purely defensive shot against his cannon-ball, leg-stump deliveries meant pushing the ball straight into some fieldsman's hands.

By the first Test, Larwood, his speed, his leg-trap, and "bodyline," a word coined to describe his bowlings, were household words in Australia.

In that game he excelled himself, Bradman, sick, was out of the Australian side, and Larwood got 5 for 96. He followed this up with 5 for 28 in the second knock.

Those who had said Bradman was frightened of the flying leather hurled by the Notts ex-miner got their answer in the second Test, when Don went on in the second dig to secure

103 not out, playing Larwood with all the confidence in the world.

But it was Larwood's series.

The third Test saw him take another nine wickets, the Fourth another seven, and five more in the last, to finish the series with 33 wickets at an average of 19.5.

Those who saw Larwood in that one sensational season will never forget him. Built like a block, he bounded to the wicket like a whirlwind, and the ball that he bowled could scarcely be seen in the air, such was its pace.

Unlike other fast bowlers, Larwood's deliveries seemed to come off the pitch much faster than they left his hand.

His control and speed in that year, and his accuracy, have never been exceeded.

But for every hoot there was a cheer, and, when in the last match of the series, he made 98 with the bat, and had the misfortune to be caught by Bert Ironmonger, whose forte was not fielding, he was cheered right back to the pavilion.

Larwood in five years had more impact on cricket than most Test players have had in twenty.



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CLUB MEMBERSHIP

The Club Membership List was recently opened for a period of one month, and 1,150 applications were received. A ballot was held as to the order in which such applications should be considered. The limit of membership was increased from 2,000 to 2,200, the additional 200 to be admitted from time to time at the discretion of the Committee at the rate of not more than 25 per month. It is proposed to publish in this magazine each month a list of applicants. The following are to be considered in rotation. This is List No. 4.

PROPOSED MEMBER	OCCUPATION	ADDRESS	CLASSIFICATION	PROPOSER	SECONDER
BACKHOUSE, Leslie R.	Retired	Vaucluse	City	A. E. Grounds	C. L. Fader
SAKZEWSKI, Albert	Public Accountant	Brisbane, Q.	Interstate	I. M. Jacoby	A. J. Chown
SHEPHERD, Cleave J.	Managing Director	Bellevue Hill	City	C. E. Munro	Geo. Webster
CLIFFORD, Kevin P.	Medical Practitioner	Randwick	City	N. McKenna	F. Dalton
BOYD, William R. W.	Sales Engineer	Neutral Bay	City	W. Kendall	J. Stapleton
TOBIN, Michael	Produce Merchant	Maitland, N.S.W.	Country	J. P. Ryan	J. B. Carlton
OWEN, Hyam M.	Medical Practitioner	Rose Bay	City	J. J. Cromwell	Les. R. Harrison
ROGAN, John W.	Bookmaker	Vaucluse	Bookmaking	C. W. Rogan	T. B. Dwyer
WEBSTER, Edward A. B.	Accountant	Eastwood	City	M. Polson	A. Henderson
FENTON, Edward A.	Company Manager & Director	Sydney	City	L. J. Hooker	K. J. Patrick
PICK, John L.	Bookmaker	Dover Heights	Bookmaking	Sam Peters	H. Austin
KRITSCH, Douglas G.	Chemist & Optometrist	Cowra, N.S.W.	Country	Gordon H. Booth	F. S. Lynch
ASHLEY, William P.	Senator	Coogee	City	T. J. Powell	M. McCarten
KEOGH, John H.	Hotelkeeper	Matraville	City	A. J. Durkin	E. R. Deveridge
HAYES, Harry R.	Company Director	Bellevue Hill	City	W. M. Jennings	H. C. Moon
O'LOAN, Roderick J. C.	Merchandise Manager	Dover Heights	City	N. Aboud	K. C. B. Davies
STACK, William J. P.	Company Director	Woollahra	City	A. S. W. Hurd	Struan Smith
SANDERSON, John E.	Woolclasser	Belmont, N.S.W.	Country	Rex E. Sanderson	G. E. Sanderson
O'SULLIVAN, Joseph F.	Hotelkeeper	Sydney	City	G. J. Dingle	A. S. Gordon
DUNNE, John S.	Studio Manager	Bellevue Hill	City	B. B. Stapleton	J. R. Joyner
LAWSON, Thomas N.	Managing Director	Darling Point	City	G. E. Webster	K. F. E. Fidden
BYRNE, Michael W.	Political Secretary	Sydney	City	M. G. Lawton	L. G. Richards
GRAHAM, James E.	Grazier	Cootamundra, N.S.W.	Country	A. L. Levy	E. D. Forrest
DARWON, Harry	Horse Trainer	Kensington	City	J. Kelly	T. Clune
THORNTON, Jack V.	Master Printer	Sydney	City	P. F. Pilcher	J. A. Chew
BONOMINI, Kenneth	Hotel Keeper	Toronto, N.S.W.	Country	J. L. Sims	J. K. Munro
MOUSALLY, George J.	Proprietor	Cremorne	City	E. A. Davis	E. Lyons
SIDGREAVES, Harry	Company Director	Ashfield	City	C. Grome	E. W. Vandenberg
ARMSTRONG, Alan W.	Motor Engineer	Double Bay	City	W. L. Armstrong	T. M. Cox
EDGAR, Thomas G.	General Manager	Neutral Bay	City	John Murray	J. D. Murray
WALSH, Theodore M.	Master Builder	Melbourne, Victoria	Interstate	Chas. Rich	J. A. H. Terrill
PARSONS, Charles R.	Woollen Merchant	Sydney	City	A. J. Chown	R. S. Lee
KEARNS, John S.	Newsagent	Glebe Point	City	P. Kearns	H. E. Tancred
POWER, Robert J.	Managing Director	Sydney	City	A. J. Chown	H. F. McMahon
ROGINI, Luigi	Restaurant Proprietor	Collaroy	City	J. H. Wood	P. J. Schwarz
CRICHTON-SMITH, Gordon	Grazier	Inverell, N.S.W.	Country	H. T. Knapton	B. H. Crowley
BEAR, Paul H.	Retailer	Vaucluse	City	Lionel Bloom	L. R. Moss
HALCROFT, Edward A.	Horse Trainer	Kingsford	City	C. E. Munro	T. Clune
DREWETTE, John W.	Manager	Cammeray	City	Ray Vaughan	T. Greaves
RAU, Noel	Medical Practitioner	Brighton-le-Sands	City	L. C. Heuschkel	N. E. Manion
HEAD, John E.		Vaucluse	City	E. A. Head	W. P. Keighery
WILLMOTT, Stuart A.	Managing Director	Elizabeth Bay	City	H. Fay	K. F. Williams
EGLESE, Noel E.	Manager	Woolahra	City	H. Jenkins	Vincent Carroll
KRISTENSON, Ronald J.	Radiologist	Sydney	City	F. A. Crago	H. R. McLeod
STEEL, Arthur J.	Manufacturer	South Coogee	City	A. H. Freedman	R. H. Walters
McKINNON, Ross L.	Launderer	Randwick	City	G. M. Webster	Guy Crick
BARLOW, George H. R.	Company Director	Narramine, N.S.W.	Country	R. C. Brown	R. H. Alderson
RANDALL, Elliott	Clothing Manufacturer	Hurlstone Park	City	A. J. Jones	A. A. Murrell
WILSON, John E.	Sales Manager	Sydney	City	P. G. Manton	A. Harrison
BAILEY, Russell S.	Company Manager	Sydney	City	R. J. Withycombe	D. Magnus
WILLIAMS, Leonard O. H.	Hotel Proprietor	Dover Heights	City	Rev. G. Cowie	A. J. McDowell
CAMERON, Maurice C.	Company Manager & Director	Wellington, N.S.W.	Country	W. J. Stiffe	R. C. Brown
LANCEY, Harold R.	Ship Owner	Drummoyne	City	J. A. Chew	H. J. Howes
BEVERIDGE, Rex C.	Grazier	Epping	City	K. C. K. Dalton	J. L. Smithers
HATHAWAY, John D.	Real Estate Agent	Sydney	City	E. J. Thorn	J. T. Hackett
LONGTON, William	Manager	Doll's Point	City	C. R. N. Owen	J. A. R. Patrick
GODYB, Kenneth D.	Horse Trainer	Kensington	City	L. J. O'Sullivan	A. J. Naylor
HENRY, Maurice S.	Medical Practitioner	Marrickville	City	M. Nimenski	W. K. Dawes
PLOTKIN, Samuel	Sporting Goods Mfr.	Elizabeth Bay	City	J. Harris	D. E. Jenner

SWIMMING CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS

Heats March 27—Final March 30

FOR the first time in the history of the Swimming Club a Club Championship will be held, over 40 yards.

Heats are set down for Tuesday, 28th March, with the final on Thursday, 30th March, and even though it looks on performances that ex-Olympian Bill Kendall will be favourite he will have to move at his best to beat swimmers like Carl Phillips, Malcolm Fuller, Bill Dovey, Vic. Richards, Bob Graves, Dr. Opie and Bill Williams.

A big entry is expected and the race for the placings should be well worth seeing.

Trophies for the event have been presented by Club Committeeman Alf Collins.

In a thrilling head and head go Neil Barrell won the last race of the January-February Point Score and took the monthly trophy as well.

With one race to go it looked odds on Ron Cook but he was unplaced and then Bill Kendall was favourite, but the best he could do was a tie for second in the final and this allowed Barrell to swim out a narrow winner by half a point, with Cook another two away in third place.

Two new members faced the starter during the past month, E. H. Booth and R. Walder; and the latter did remarkably well and as a result was docked three seconds by the handicapper.

Walder swam in three races in the series; was second in a heat in his first and won his next two to gain fourth place in the Point Score.

Neil Barrell landed two firsts and a third, Ron Cook a win and a dead heat, and Kendall a second, a dead

heat for second and a third, all in finals.

Three old members in John Buckle, Dr. Opie and Col. Chatterton swam their first races of the season. Opie tied for a final first, Chatterton and Buckle both won heats.

Best times during the month were by Bill Kendall, 18 and 18-2/5 secs.; Dr. Opie, 20-2/5; V. Richards, 20-3/5; Neil Barrell, 20-3/5.

Members Bill Phillips and Forbes Carlile are back from the Empire Games in Auckland and are duly thrilled over the performances of the Australian team in all branches of sport.

Before he went to the Empire Games, Garrick Agnew was introduced to a lunch-time gathering of members in the Pool and swam a few laps for the onlookers.

Congratulations of members go to Garrick over his win in the Empire 440 yards Championship in grand time.

Since returning to Sydney Agnew, who is a Westralian, has put himself in world class with glorious swims over 440 and 220 yards in 4-45.5 and 2-12.4 respectively to beat easily the Australian records put up by John Marshall who has been putting up excellent performances in U.S.A. recently.

Agnew's swims over the 55 yard laps compare more than favourably with Marshall's U.S.A. efforts in 25 yard laps and puts him right in world class.

It certainly looks as if Agnew and Marshall should put Australia's name on the swimming map at the Helsinki Olympic Games in 1952.

Whilst on the subject of the 1952 Olympic Games it must also be noted that in 14-year-old Barry

Darke and Rod Kater we have a couple of lads who might easily make their presence felt over the distances.

Darke is swimming over 440 yards times very close to that put up by "Boy" Charlton when he beat Arne Borg and equalled the world's record. Just goes to show how swimming times have gone ahead.

Results

January 31—80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: Neil Barrell and R. Cook (49), 1; G. McGilvray and W. G. Dovey (43), 2; B. Low and C. Hoole (47), 3. Time 49 secs.

February 7—40 Yards Handicap: 1st Division Final: H. E. Davis (23) and Dr. Opie (22), tie, 1; W. Kendall (19), 3. Times 21-4/5 and 20-4/5 secs. 2nd Division Final: J. H. Peoples (32) and R. Cook (27), tie, 1; Neil Barrell (22), 3. Times 30-1/5 and 25-1/5 secs.

February 14—80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: R. Walder and M. Fuller (50), 1; S. Murray and W. Kendall (45), 2; S. Lorking and A. McCamley (51), 3. Time 47 secs.

February 21—40 Yards Handicap: 1st Division Final—R. Walder (29), 1; B. Adams (23) and W. Kendall (19), tie, 2. Time 27-3/5 secs. 2nd Division Final — Neil Barrell (22), 1; J. O. Dexter (23), 2; P. Lindsay (23), 3. Time 21-3/5 secs.

January-February Point Score

Final Result: Neil Barrell, 24, 1; W. Kendall, 23½, 2; R. Cook, 21½, 3; R. Walder, 20, 4; M. Fuller, 19, 5; J. H. Peoples, 18½, 6; S. Murray, 18, 7; C. Hoole, 16, 8; A. McCamley, 15, 9; V. Richards, 14½, 10; G. McGilvray, 14, 11; H. E. Davis, 12, 12; W. G. Dovey, 11½, 13; P. Lindsay, M. Sellen and B. Adams, 10½, 14.

1949-1950 Point Score

The leaders in this series for points gained in all races during the season are—V. Richards, 81; M. Fuller, 75½; Neil Barrell, 68; C. Hoole, 66; S. Murray, 64; W. B. Phillips, 63½; H. E. Davis and C. B. Phillips, 60; A. McCamley and J. Shaffran, 57; W. G. Dovey, 55; M. Sellen, 54½; W. Kendall, 53½; J. O. Dexter and A. K. Webber, 53; R. L. Richards and P. Lindsay, 50; W. K. Sherman, 49½; S. B. Solomon, 45; B. Adams and G. Boulton, 42; S. Lorking, 40½; P. Gunton, 40; G. Goldie, 39; B. Low, 38½; K. Hunter, 37; R. Cook, 35½; G. McGilvray, 31; G. S. Thomas, 29½; W. Williams, 28; J. H. Peoples, 27.

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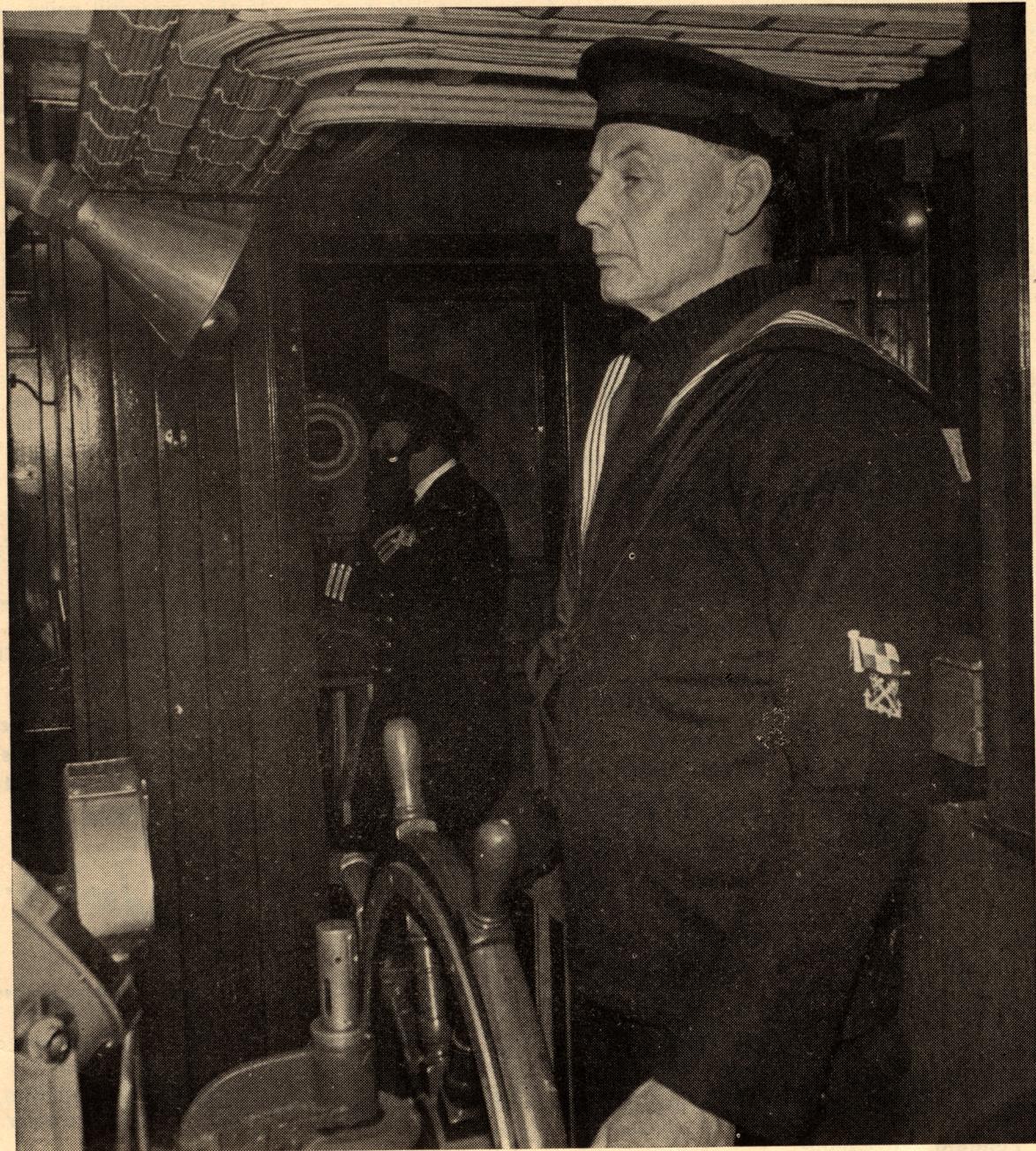
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CLEVER LITTLE WOMAN

By Geoffrey Cotterel

GENERAL and Mrs. Rockway-Smith were living a life of extremely pleasant retirement in a small Kensington flat. They had two daughters, one married to a subaltern in the Blues, the other to a splendid young Colonial bishop. Cares and responsibility, India, Alex and Alder-shot, all were behind them.

The General was particularly happy. He had felt years before that he had gone quite far enough when he became a major. It was only Clara Rockway-Smith's grim determination which had pushed him forward from promotion to promotion.

"You're a clever little woman," the General murmured happily at lunch one day, a compliment he had used with apparent success for 40 years. "Excellent little joint this is."

"Yes, dear. That reminds me, I must get our priority milk certificates renewed."

"Yes, dear. How thoughtful you are," the General said, with his mouth

full. At that moment he happened to glance at the serving trolley, on which she had carelessly left four ration books, two of which were not in the name of Rockway-Smith. In consternation he asked her what this meant.

"Do you seriously imagine that we have been living on our proper rations?" Clara said testily.

It was the beginning of their first serious quarrel. Clara's voice was raised even when she was talking normally.

Their voices penetrated easily through the thin walls into the next flat, where Miss Cresham, a well-off spinster, listened avidly to every word. Her secret love for the General was equalled only by her loathing of Clara. Within an hour she had laid the information with the Ministry of Food.

Received Summons

When Clara received a summons, nothing could convince her that the General was not responsible. She left the flat in a rage and went to live in a private hotel. She had to appear in court; she was heavily fined and rebuked by an impudent magistrate.

Miss Cresham took her chance. Very soon she and the lonely General were close friends. She was sympathetic and consoling. They went to the theatre and for long drives together.

Although she had to put up with endless stories about how wonderful his wife had been, it was worth it. But one day Clara, shopping in Knightsbridge, saw them drive by. The situation was only too clear to her.

She had been feeling rather depressed since her court appearance, but now within a minute all her old spirit returned.

Before long it suddenly occurred to her to wonder where, all this time, the General had been getting so much petrol. He had no more than his basic allowance, yet in the old days he had driven her round the shops

every day and they had been for weekly drives in the country.

If this were still going on, there could only be one answer. Clara smiled with the certainty of coming triumph.

She spent hours in a milk bar opposite his regular garage. At last she was rewarded. There was no doubt which pump his petrol came from. Clara went hastily to a telephone booth and rang the police.

A month later the General was summoned for using red petrol. He was fined and his licence was suspended for a year.

There was some very unfortunate publicity, all of which Clara read greedily in the Palm Court lounge of her hotel. Next day she decided that it was time to return to the General.

She found him sitting shame-faced in the flat, alone.

"I've come back, Rockers," she announced.

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— GRAND —

BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT

250 UP

FIRST PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £100
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SECOND PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £50
THIRD PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £20
FOURTH PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £10

— GRAND —

SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

All Heats to be decided on One Game Only

Semi-Finals and Finals, best Two out of Three Games

FIRST PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £100
(And Canteen of Cutlery presented by A. J. Matthews, Esq.)		
SECOND PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £50
THIRD PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £20
FOURTH PRIZE	...	Trophy valued £10

The above Tournaments will commence on

MONDAY, 24th APRIL, 1950

And will be played in the Club Room on the Standard Table

Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 27th March, 1950. Handicaps, 12th April; Draw, 18th April

Entrance Fee for each Tournament 10/-, to be paid at time of nomination

To be played under latest Revised Rules. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round.

The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament. Three days' notice will be given to play, or forfeit.

Any Member unable to play at or before the time appointed, or such other time as the Billiards Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

No practice or exhibition game will be allowed on the Tournament table during the progress of the Tournaments.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration, or modification in this programme, alter the time for taking entries and declaration of handicaps.

M. J. D. DAWSON, Secretary.

N.B.—ENTRIES CLOSE AT 3 P.M. ON MONDAY, 27th MARCH, 1950

On the Bowling Mat

THREE more games have been played in the pairs handicap competition which is now nearing completion.

Last round winners, Ruthven and Dewdney, went down 22-17 to Monro and Chatterton after the former pair led 16 to 2 at the finish of the 9th end when afternoon tea was taken.

The slogan, "tea revives you" was amply demonstrated, particularly in the case of Jack Munro, who played excellent bowls, as also did Stan Chatterton. The pair coming from a long way back thoroughly deserved their win.

On the same day, Roscoe Ball and Charlie Traversi beat Jack Main and John Trainor 24 to 19 after a well fought game.

The next round, played on 14th February, gave Jack Monro and Stan Chatterton another win when they beat Alf Basington and Issy Silk by 24 to 19.

This time Stan and Jack proved they were good front runners and after scoring on the first end were never headed. They are now hot favourites for the final and their backers are accepting cramped odds. Congratulations to them both on their consistent bowling.

On 9th February, 3 rinks played in the Singer Trophy against Pratten Park and took a licking by 27. President Jack Roles was the only Skipper to win. However, we had a grand afternoon.

Details

Mitchell, Monro, Norton, Booth (T.), 15; Hall, Martin, Cheddell, Precious (P.P.), 32. Ruthven, Williams, Chatterton, Traversi (T.), 10; Rust, Nickol, Charles, Warman (P.P.), 22. Bavington, Silk, McIntosh, Roles (T.), 21; Crossing, Ward, Harris, Locke (P.P.), 19. Totals: Tatts. 46, Pratten Park, 73.

On the 16th February we entertained City Tattersall's to luncheon and a game at Double Bay.

President Jack Roles extended a cordial welcome to our visitors at luncheon. He referred to the long friendship existing between the two

clubs and expressed a wish that it would long continue.

Vice-President Charlie Young supported the President and thanked Double Bay Club for the excellent luncheon provided and for making the greens and clubhouse available to us.

We were very pleased to have our Chairman, John Hickey, and also Secretary, Dave Dawson, with us at afternoon tea.

The Chairman presided, and after again extending a welcome to our visitors we were glad to hear him say how pleased he and his committee were with the activities of the Club's Bowling Section, which provided a very popular adjunct to the many amenities of Tattersall's. He also paid a well deserved tribute to our Hon. Secretary, Gordon Booth, for the splendid work he is performing.

The game resulted in a win for Tatts. by 45, and as our visitors fielded 5 strong rinks we were forgivably, perhaps, elated with the outcome.

The Scores

Young, Monro, Plasto, Roles (T.), 31; O'Regan, K. Jones, Wark, Truman (C.T.), 21. Gibbs, Murray, McIntosh, Bloomfield (T.), 31; Harrison, Porter, Randall, W. O'Neill (C.T.), 30. Lindsay, Silk, Booth, Davis (T.), 32; King, Hole, E. Cave, R. Cave (C.T.), 16. Bavington, Williams, Dewdney, Traversi (T.), 22; Hirst, Bradshaw, Woodhouse, Schmitzer (C.T.), 26. Kreiger, Price, Jones, Kippax (T.), 35; Galvin, Josselyn, J. O'Neill, Jones (C.T.), 13. Totals: Tatts. 151, City Tatts. 106.

Alf Bloomfield's rink had a remarkable performance. After being down 12 to nil at the end of the sixth head they won 12 ends in a row and lead 28 to 12. Their opponents then had a turn and won the next six ends to lead 30 to 28. A 3 on the last end gave Tatts. the narrow winning margin of 1.

On 23rd February 5 rinks played the R.A.C.A. at the Lakes Golf Club Green. Double Bay Club being occupied by bowlers participating in Country Week Carnival and the gen-

erosity of the Lakes Golf Club was very much appreciated by our members who enjoyed a splendid afternoon in delightful surroundings. After a well contested game we suffered a defeat by 12 points.

Details

Bavington, Price, Krieger, Booth (T.), 25; Kent, Bowman, Bailey, Adair (R.A.C.A.), 28. Glynn, Mitchell, Norton, Chatterton (T.), 22; Kerr, Harris, Barnes, Grace (R.A.C.A.), 20. Kelso, Monro, Silk, Traversi (T.), 22; Barnett, Haddock, Chester, Thomas (R.A.C.A.), 27. Ruthven, Catts, Gibbs, Eaton (T.), 17; Marks, Proud, Dagg, Kirkwood (R.A.C.A.), 21. Young, Pointing, Longworth, Jones (T.), 29; Goold, Graham, Witts, Kench (R.A.C.A.), 31.

HOW A CALCUTTA SWEEP IS CONDUCTED

ALCUTTA sweeps are often conducted on races such as the Melbourne Cups and also Billiard and Snooker Tournaments. Take a Snooker Tournament, for example. Let us assume there are 200 entries for the tournament and 400 tickets at one pound each are sold. When the handicaps are announced a date ahead is fixed for a ballot which consists of 200 players and 200 blanks. The 200 lucky tickets representing players are then sold by auction. These can be bought by anyone, even those not participating in the ballot. Now assume that A is sold for £15. Of this money £7/10/- is added to the pool and the other half is paid to the drawer of the ticket. The auctioning is continued until the 200 players are sold. One advantage that a drawer of a player in the sweep has is that he can buy the player at half his bid. Very often the original £400 has increased in value to about seven or eight hundred pounds. By this one can easily see that the eventual total has a big bearing on the judgment of the bidders in the assessing of the right odds about the winning chances of the player bought.

The total money in the Pool being distributed as follows—

65 per cent. First Prize.
20 per cent. Second Prize.
10 per cent. Third Prize.
5 per cent. Fourth Prize.

FLY TO THE FAIR

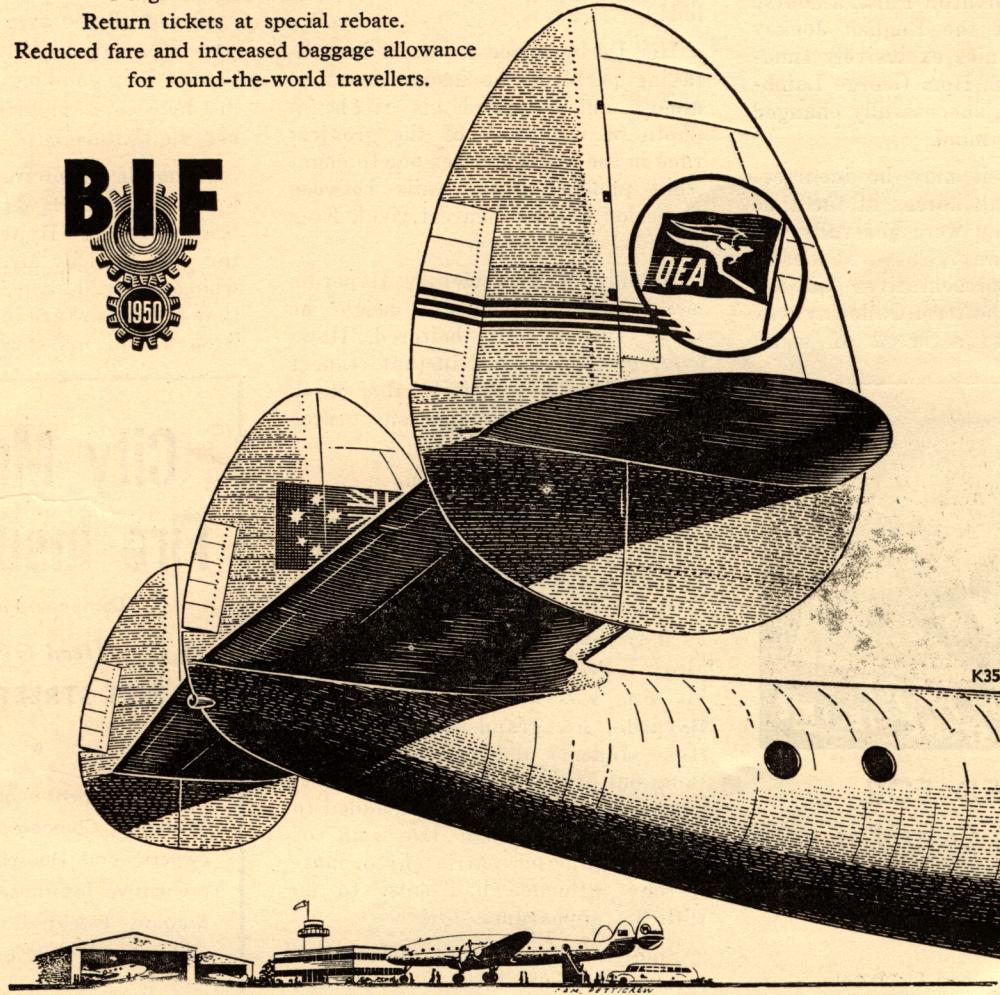
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ROMANCE OF HYPERION

England's Wonder Sire

Because of Hyperion's close association with Australian racing through his outstanding sons, many of whom, as sires of the future, should logically carry on the popularity of this great descendant of Gainsborough and Selene, any historical reference to him is piquantly interesting. It is gripping to one's mind to recall that Hyperion was destined in the early stages of his career to be relegated to pony racing, writes "Veritas" (Jim Carroll) in the Melbourne "Guide."

HYPERION, according to this well-known Melbourne turf authority and former A.B.C. racing commentator, was then deemed too small of stature to ever prove himself potent on racecourse or at stud. Owner, Lord Derby, who bred him, had almost finalised his intention of racing Hyperion at Northolt Park, a course under aegis of the English Jockey Club, where ponies exclusively functioned, when the Hon. George Lambton, his trainer, successfully changed His Lordship's mind.

Incidentally, it may be incorrect to describe small horses of the time as ponies. They were generally designated galloways, as we locally know 14.2 representatives of the equine race. The term Galloway was that applied to a breed of small

horses cultivated at Galloway, a town of Scotland.

However, Hyperion, through his trainer's intervention, missed taking his place among the lilliputian race-horses of his day. Instead he proved himself capable of assessing a sum of £23,197 in stakes as a three-year-old!

His Derby success was a breathtaking performance insomuch as he almost out-distanced his rivals; a photo of the finish of the greatest race in the world enables one to count eight panels of the rails between Hyperion and his nearest rival, King Salmon!

On day of that victory Hyperion measured 15.1½ hands, a height he never subsequently bettered. However, what he lacked in that respect he had a counterpart in other ways insomuch as, in proportion, critics declared him magnificent.

Four White Socks

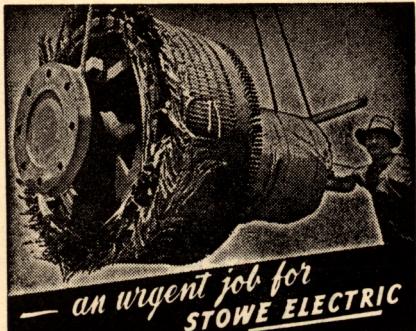
A glorious chestnut in colour, with four white socks, Hyperion's colour has given the breeding magi a heap of worry in their attempts to fathom as it ran contrary to many accepted ideas. For instance, Gainsborough, his sire, was a bay. So, too, was Bayardo, his grandsire. Thus did these students of heredity see something out of cog in Hyperion's chestnut coat. Fuel was further added to their doubts through his want of size as to whether patriarchy or matrarchy influence had most to do with his appearance.

Finally, many of these delvers into the evolution of the thoroughbred gave most marks for his subsequent greatness, as performer and sire, to Selene, his dam, and Chaucer, the sire of Selene. A point they made was that "little Chaucer," as that stallion was known, being by St. Simon, had infused Hyperion with attributes of the mighty son of Galopin while Selene only followed pre-

cedent in playing such a leading part in the result of the blood union between herself and Chaucer because she was such a prolific breeder of exceptional horses.

According to them Gainsborough was little more than a figurehead in Hyperion's make-up. However, from studying all the arguments, they adduce in support of their findings, one cannot help thinking that nature defies humans to rightfully account for her vicissitudes.

It may be of interest to Australians to glean that Bayardo, the sire of Gainsborough, Hyperion's progenitor, was bred by Mr. W. A. W. Cox, who as "Mr. Fairlie," made his fortune out of a share of the subsequent Broken Hill mine which, before its



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Romance of Hyperion

(Continued from Previous Page)

financial worth was realised, he bought for £120. He came to Adelaide from England as a young man. His luck was phenomenal. For instance, through the instrumentality of a mare, named Galicia, by Gallopin, he bred Lemberg, Bayardo and Gay Crusader, three English Derby winners. Running in war-time, the race was known as the New Derby when Gay Crusader appropriated it.

Sold for 47,000 Guineas

In addition to his having sired Hyperion, Gainsborough produced three other sons of high esteem — Solaro, Singapore and Orwell. Solaro brought 47,000 guineas at auction from a syndicate of British

bloodstock breeders while Orwell distinguished himself during his racing career through having amassed a record sum in stakes for a two-year-old. Thus, despite the fact that some breeding pundits seek to give Gainsborough less than his ordinary due as the sire of the mighty Hyperion, he needs no bolstering to accentuate his claim to better treatment at their hands.

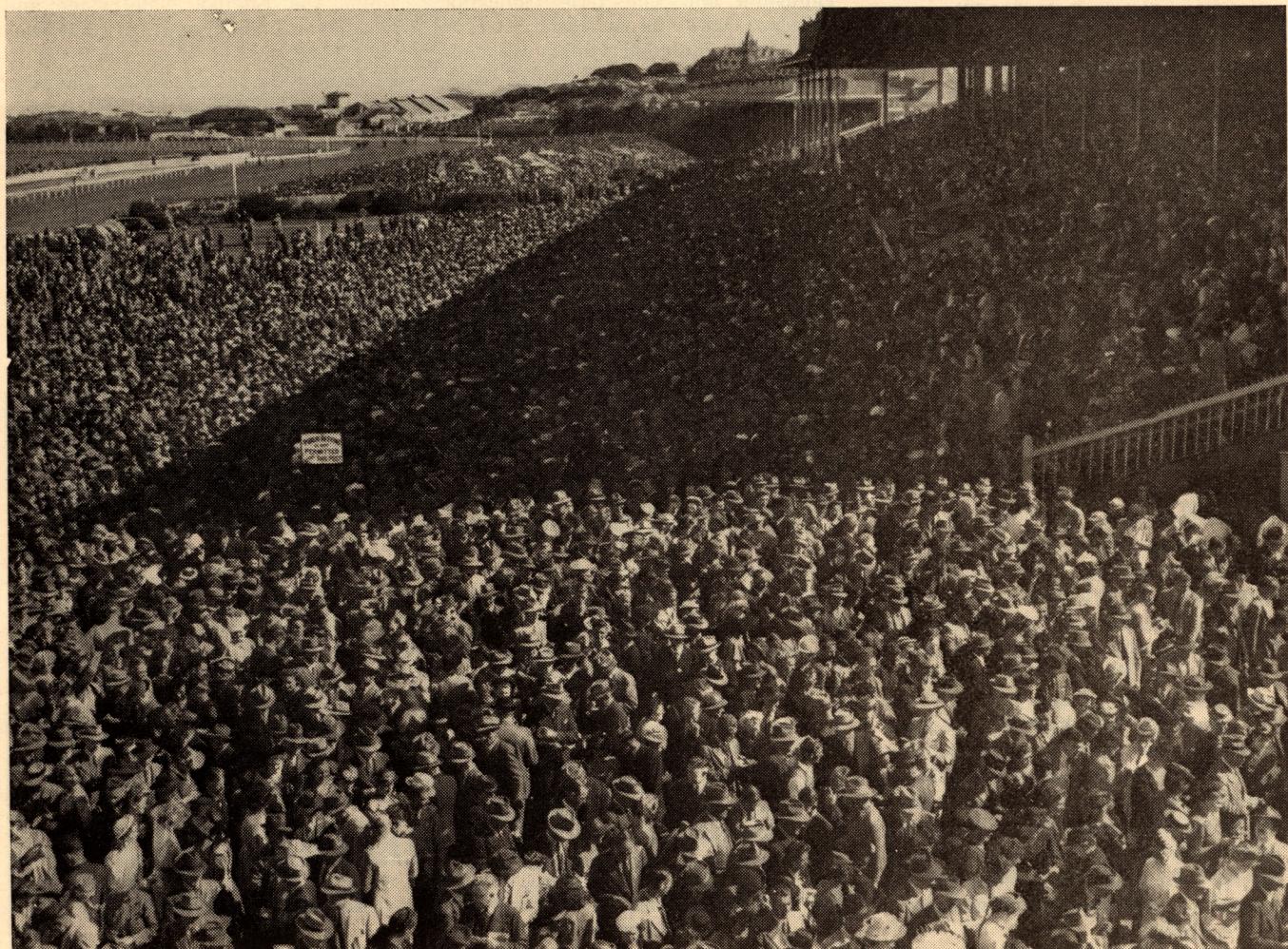
Another connecting link between Hyperion and Australians proffers from the fact that Gainsborough, his progenitor, has a strain of Trenton in his pedigree. For instance, Bayardo, who begot him, was thrown by Rosedrop, an Oaks winner who was, in turn, foaled by Rosaline with Trenton as sire.

Trenton raced successfully in Australia while he scored undying

fame in the land of his birth through his magnificent stud exploits. It was he who gave us, in conjunction with Insomnia, the peerless Wakeful.

Subsequently purchased by a studmaster in England in an effort to replace the Musket strain, Trenton amply repaid his buyer's enterprise.

However, Hyperion outshone all rivals during the years he acted as Lord of the Harem. For instance, he headed the winning list of sires in 1940, 1941, 1942, 1945, and 1946; was second in 1939 and again in 1944, while in 1943, he filled third position and was fourth in 1947. Verily the Hon. George Lambton, his esteemed mentor, did incalculable good for racing when, through his great foresight, Hyperion's career was allowed to run its natural course.



As Easter draws near each year the sporting mind turns to Randwick Racecourse and the Doncaster and Sydney Cups, etc. The photo reproduced above shows a typical Cup Day crowd in late afternoon when the sun sinks behind the pavilion.

Three Grand Mares of the Past—Pretty Polly, Sceptre, La Fleche

Though some veteran club members familiar with the blood lines of many of the world's most noted stallions and mares may not fully agree, in popular imagination of the turf world, three racing mares, Pretty Polly, La Fleche, and Sceptre, stand out as greatest trio of their sex on the racecourse, though not necessarily at the stud.

TWO of these came of the famous St. Simon line and the other from the Isonomy (Sterling) line.

La Fleche was a daughter of St. Simon and Sceptre a daughter of his greatest son, Persimmon. Not one of the three mares achieved fame at the stud, but La Fleche founded a line, through her son, the moderate John o' Gaunt, which won glory for the Isonomy line.

"Audax," of the "Horse and Hound" and one of the world's most noted turf authorities both on breeding and racing, some years ago ventured the opinion that the best daughter (till then) that he had seen, in fact one of the best mares he had noted in best part of 50 years, was not La Fleche but Signorina.

Bringing the subject closer to Australia, a descendant of Signorina, Hunting Song, a successful New Zealand sire, got many winners including Stretto and Gaine Carrington. Hunting Song's dam Pasta was by Thrush out of the Oaks and Derby Winner, Signorinette, a daughter of Chalereux and Signorina who was by St. Simon from Star of Portici by Heir-at-Law. Signorina won more than £20,000 in stakemoney.

It would appear from writings that Signorina was a finer individual than either La Fleche or her sister Memoir but there is no doubt La Fleche had the better record as a stayer. La Fleche was probably soundest stayer of mares mentioned but only men who have seen horses in action are fully qualified to express worthwhile opinions on relative merits. Australians reading about the form of overseas horses naturally find it different from seeing them racing. In such cases one has to respect the opinion of such an expert as "Audax."

Looking over turf records one has to hand it to La Fleche, who was unluckily beaten in the English Derby

by Sir Hugo, but defeated him pointlessly in the St. Leger. Sir Hugo was sire of Sire Foote, whose son, Prince Foote, was a sound Australian stayer winning both Derbys and the Melbourne Cup in 1909.

La Fleche won Ascot Gold Cup as a 5-year-old with 9.1. No other mare won that race for the next 40 years. La Fleche won the One Thousand and Guineas, the Oaks, the Chesterfield Stakes (5 furlongs), Champagne Stakes (6 furlongs), Champion Stakes, Liverpool Autumn Cup and the Cambridgeshire with 8.10.

Sceptre met many great horses and had a grand record. She was on the scene some years after La Fleche. Her wins included The One Thousand and The Two Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger. Other successes included Jockey Club Stakes (1½ miles) and Duke of York handicap 1½ miles.

Pretty Polly (foaled 1901) was racing a year or so after Sceptre but she showed marked consistency. Her victories included One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, St. Leger, Coronation Stakes, Jockey Club Cup (2½ miles), Champion Stakes, Middle Park Stakes (6 furlongs), Eclipse Stakes and Champagne Stakes.

Pretty Polly had 24 starts for 22 wins and two seconds. They don't get them as good these days.

Further back in turf history there were various great mares that put up some amazing performances but they do not stand out in the modern imagination of the three named mares. Beeswing, an old timer, was responsible for a grand staying line—that of Hampton and his descendants, Bayardo, Gainsborough, Dark Ronald, Son-in-Law, and others. Mated with Touchstone (ancestor of Carbine), Beeswing produced Newminster, whose son, Lord Clifden, sired Hampton.

From Lord Clifden came two famous staying families in Australia—those founded by Instep and Evening Star.

Beeswing must have been one of the hardest mares that ever lived. Season after season she was taken round the English countryside and race over long distances. She was an eight-year-old when she went to the stud. As an aged mare she won the Ascot Gold Cup in 1842, carrying 9 st. She also won, among other races, Doncaster Cup (2½ miles) four times—what a mare.

The only three-year-old performances in about 100 years to compare with La Fleche's were, according to a noted authority, those of a famous American colt, Foxhall, and French filly Plaisanterie.



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ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SIRES IN RECORD YEARLING CATALOGUE

Record prizes are now being offered by some of the leading Australian and New Zealand racing clubs and more and more racehorses are appearing on the turf scene. Next month at Randwick a record number of yearlings, 680, will be offered at auction.

THIS total of young racehorses to be auctioned is eight above the previous record paraded in 1948. As could only be expected much new blood will be introduced both by imported and locally-bred stallions.

Members of the Club who take a keen interest in the bloodlines of

wick. Some by the new sires are of striking appearance and the occupant of the rostrum will find plenty of scope to help infuse life into bidding. No keener auctioneer than Reg. Inglis has had charge of the yearling sales, and the Easter offering will be one of the main highlights of the carnival race season.

This is a yearling season rich in new sires as of the 130 in the catalogue 22 are figuring for first time. Sons of Hyperion, a name famous in turf history, are in the list, while

of Hyperion), Cape Race, Friar's Fancy, and Merry Cavalier.

Confessor and Cape Race are brothers. They are by Fair Trial from Pelerine by Apelle (Italian Derby winner). The pair share distinction of being the first sons of noted sire Fair Trial to be represented by progeny at Sydney's yearling sales. Delville Wood is by Bois Roussel from the Phalaris mare Everlasting. Delville Wood was a noted stayer. Friar's Fancy is a son of Wychwood Abbot and is closely related to Blandford.

Merry Cavalier is a son of Nearco, for last three seasons leading sire of England, also an unbeaten racehorse. Merry Cavalier has won staying events. Avalanche is by Precipitation (Ascot Gold Cup) and the first son of that stallion to parade a draft of yearlings at the Sydney auction.

Nice Day Yearlings

Nice Day has several yearlings. He won in England from seven furlongs to 1½ miles and is by Derby winner Mid-Day Sun. Beau Pere and Mr. Standfast are close relatives of this new sire. Scorpion's 11 youngsters should entice keen bidding as they are excellent sorts. Scorpion is from same family as Bull Dog and Sir Galahad III, two prominent sires at the Stud in U.S.A. Scorpion is a Hyperion.

Wayside Inn, who won races in England up to 1¾ miles, is a son of Fairway and Sundae by Hyperion, so has every qualification for making a successful stud career. His sons and daughters are pleasing to the eyes and buyers will be keen on securing them.

Many Tried Sires

In addition to the new stallions many well tried sires are again represented by high-class individuals. The Midstream's are sure to sell well. He has several fine types in his draft. Sires of various winners include Beau Son, Double Remove (imp.), Brueghel (imp.), The Buzzard (imp.), Channel Swell (imp.), Genetout (imp.), High Caste, Le Grand Duc (imp.), High Title, White Ensign (imp.) and Nizami (imp.).



An interesting picture at present with Yearling Sales on the tapis. Picture, produced recently in the "London Observer," shows a pure-bred Arab—a breed that has gained in popularity. The historic distinction of the breed is that its hybrid descendant, the English "Thoroughbred" racehorse, has now spread to many countries and has long been reckoned the fastest horse on earth. The export value of bloodstock from England averages more than £3,000,000 per annum

racehorses will find much to interest them in this April's catalogue. It is expected that several members will, in 1950-51 racing season, be represented by two-year-olds which next month will be sold as yearlings. Bidding will be extremely keen for quality types and the auctioneers, William Inglis & Son Pty. Ltd., expect to get big money for outstanding lots.

By the time this appears most of the yearlings will have reached Rand-

other leading English bloodlines are truly representative of the best strains. Fourteen new importations are tabulated and their progeny include some high-class individuals if one can take notice of appearances.

List of importations include Confessor, Delville Wood, Nice Day, Red Fife, Roussel Water, Wayside Inn (property of Bill Mackay), Scorpion, Avalanche, Al Dakhil, Al Nasser, Al Wassat (last-named three all sons

How the Escapist was Tricked

Unusual yarn by Douglas Carlyle in "American Magazine" tells how simply an Expert may be fooled.

THE theatre lights dimmed, and the spotlight, sweeping the rows of tense faces, came to rest. The Master of Ceremonies' stentorian voice addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Magico, the invincible master of mystery, will once again pit his power of magic against the skill and ingenuity of the gentleman selected as to-night's contestant by the Roving Eye. Should Signor Magico, in less than ten minutes, fail to effect his escape from the trunk in which this gentleman will confine him, the gentleman will receive the sum of one thousand dollars.

"And now, if the contestant will kindly step this way, we will proceed with the act."

All eyes turned to the young man as he strode purposefully to the stage.

With a strong rope handed to him by an attendant, the young man securely bound the magician hand and foot, and together they placed him in a heavy, ironbound trunk which had just been carefully examined and attested genuine by several other members of the audience.

Taking the key handed to him by the attendant, the young man bent over the lock. Then, apparently satisfied, he stepped back to allow a screen to be placed around the trunk.

The theatre orchestra played softly, while all eyes focused on the large clock set up on the stage. The minutes stretched into ten.

"Ladies and gentlemen," There was an unmistakable note of anxiety in the Master of Ceremonies' voice as he raised his hand for silence. "For the first time in over sixteen hundred performances, Signor Magico has failed to effect his escape, and for reasons concerning his safety I am now forced to release him." He turned to the young man. "Will you, sir, kindly remove the screen and open the trunk?"

The young man did as he was bid.

Signor Magico, minus his bonds, struggled feebly to his feet.

At that moment, a page boy carrying a satin-covered cushion on which was placed an envelope, walked up to the magician, who, with great dignity, removed the envelope and handed it to the young man.

The audience was loud in its applause.

"It gives me great pleasure to make this presentation," said Signor Magico, struggling to make his voice sound convincing. "Before this gentleman leaves, however, there is one question that I would like to ask. . . . How, sir, did you accomplish what hundreds of others have failed to achieve?"

The young man smiled, while the audience held its breath.

"On returning home from a party late last night," he replied, "I discovered how difficult it is to unlock"—he paused and turned to the magician—"to unlock an unlocked door."

THE Minister of Education has an inexhaustible repertory of anecdotes, of which this is one: As two men were standing talking on the pavement in a Lancashire town a funeral came by, and it was observed that a bag of golf clubs was resting on the coffin in the hearse. "He must have been a keen golfer," observed one of the onlookers intelligently. "Must have been?" said the other? said the other. "Is He's going on to a match this afternoon. That's his wifes funeral."

MAN, THE SLOWCOACH

IT has been calculated that an athlete sprinting develops twelve or thirteen horsepower, but only a small fraction of this was doing any good. The rest was used up, partly in moving the muscles themselves and partly on account of the jerkiness of running movements. The foot of a runner has to alternate between being still on the ground and rushing forward at twice the speed of the runner, to catch up and be planted again ahead of him. If he is doing twenty miles an hour, each foot reaches, for an instant during each step, a forward speed of something like fifty miles an hour.

As animals go, man is not a very good sprinter. His all-out twenty-

two miles an hour is not much more than half what a race-horse can do, and the race-horse has the weight of the jockey to carry. Hyperion, for example, won the Derby in 1933 at a speed of thirty-two-point-two miles an hour, and thirty-three miles an hour is reached by practically any racehorse with four-legs.

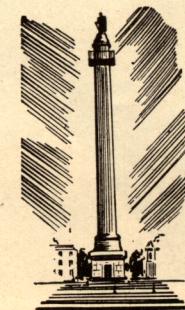
The greyhound over a course of the usual length, averages thirty-six miles an hour. Many a disappointed backer feels the temptation to get down on the course and push his erstwhile favourite round, but even the slowest greyhound in the race is usually doing better than man's twenty miles an hour.

A LITTLE LOGIC

AS Brillat-Savarin, the French gourmet wrote: "If there is such a thing as an aphrodisiac, it is in the adjustment of the mind to the well-treated body. A man is always as good as he thinks when he has a good dinner in his belly. But to enter the real paradise of love, he must take the right kind of woman along."

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One Horse from Another

Some Advice To Help You Pick The Winner, as given by Lena Ramsden in "Britannia and Eve."

If you are a regular racegoer, with a knowledge of how to assess form; the scale of Weight for Age and the number of pounds allowed for a six lengths beating—read no further.

If, on the other hand, you are a member of the general public, who enjoys the spectacle and excitement of a day's racing, without possessing much knowledge of what it's all about—if, in short, you are in the racing kindergarten class—read on and you may learn something to your advantage.

The majority of people go racing for its entertainment value, and this is certainly enhanced if you can take home more money than you arrived with. There is no denying the fact that a wager—even if it is only 10 bob on the Tote—adds to the general thrill and amusement; and racing would undoubtedly go out of fashion if betting were prohibited. So let us take it that the first objective of racing, from the point of

view of the crowd, is to spot the winner.

What should we look for in a potential winner? First, that unmistakable stamp of "quality": the instinctively elegant carriage of head, neck and tail; the wide-set wide-open eyes; the forward cock of the ears and the careful placing of the feet—each foot, at the walk, suspended for a second in the air before being put down in a direct line with its fore or hind counterpart; the movement which showing enthusiasts spend hours teaching a horse to perform, but which all (or nearly all) the great horses fall into with no teaching whatsoever.

Spot Your Fancy

Having spotted your fancy in the paddock, see how he moves on the way to the start: some of the best horses are unable to "act" on adverse going, so watch them as they leave the paddock and canter down the course. If they stride out well, stretching their fore legs and gathering their hind legs under them, put your money on; but if they move "scratchesily," never flipping out their toes beyond their noses, but seeming to put them down again as near as possible to the spot where they left the ground, clutch your money in your hand and wait for a change in the weather.

There are exceptions to this rule. Some of the most beautiful horses ever foaled have been unable to move fast enough to keep themselves warm; and some ewe-necked, half-lame objects of pity have won race after race in defiance of the laws of

nature; but in time these phenomena become public landmarks, which everyone backs or avoids backing, according to the reputations they have earned.

Apart from movement and general bearing, there are many points to notice when trying to assess a good racehorse. One desirable physical attribute in a horse is a short back: this contributes to its strength, and another strengthening asset is that his hind legs should be straight, below the hocks, which should be near to the ground. The hind legs, especially the hocks, provide the motive power which propels the horse, and any physical defect in them will soon make itself felt in a fast gallop.

Another thing to notice is its pasterns—the part of the leg immediately above the hoof. If these are straight and stiff, it is unlikely that the horse will be a good galloper, especially on hard ground: but if they are flexible and set at a good angle to the fetlock joint, they will act as springs and enable the horse to move freely and with greater speed. A horse with straight pasterns gives the impression of standing permanently on tiptoe, but this attitude should not be confused with the term "on his toes."

So pick your fancy in the paddock: watch him canter to the post and then put your money on. If he loses you may retire to the bar in disgust, but if he wins, go and draw your money, with the additional satisfaction of being able to say:

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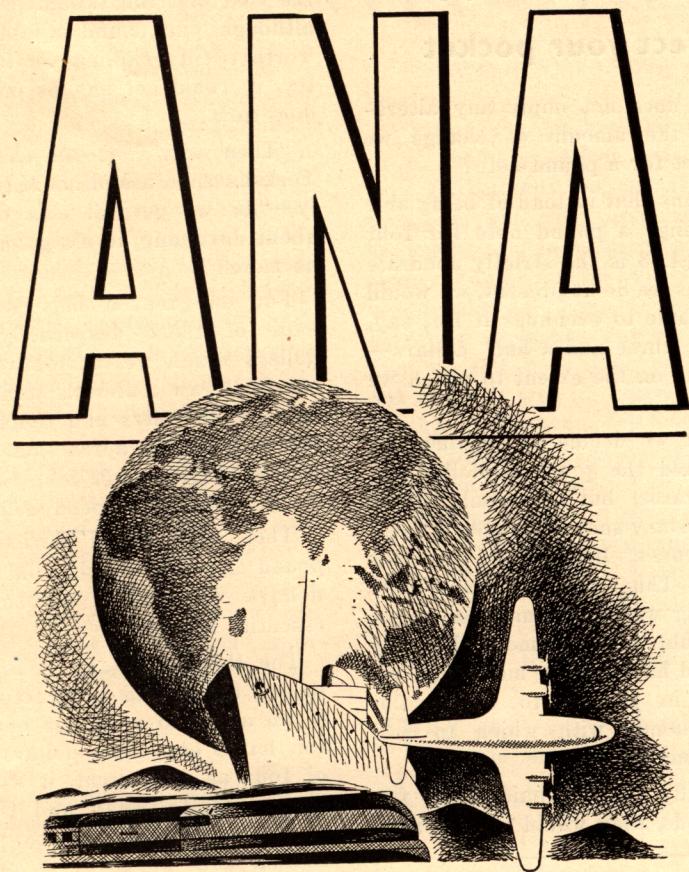
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NEW ZEALAND HAS A GLAMOUR THREE-YEAR-OLD FILLY

Featured this issue of the Club Magazine is a racing story of grand mares of the past, both as turf propositions and stud matrons.

SWEET SPRAY has had a meteoric rise within 12 months as it was not until February of last year that she won her first race, a minor event over six furlongs at Woodville, and for which she started win and place favourite. Her opening success followed three places in modest company.

That season was not productive of anything out of the ordinary but this term, up till mid-January, the filly had won six races and had finished second at her other two outings, proving that she could both sprint and stay. From now on most likely she will contest staying events.

A likely, and let members hope, certain visitor to Sydney this coming spring, Sweet Spray is by Neptune (imp.), sire of Karachi, from Sugar Kandy, which was got by Colombo from Belle Mere by Son-in-Law from Cinna by Polymelus from Baroness La Fleche by Ladas from the famous La Fleche, a daughter of St. Simon and Quiver by Toxophilite.

Veteran club members will follow the future of this filly with interest as many of them know the family lines and often discuss La Fleche and her descendants. New Zealand turf enthusiasts refer to Sweet Spray as a second Desert Gold but she has a fairly long way to go before she can catch up to that famous mare of some seasons back. Desert Gold was a popular mare both in her own country and in Australia and in all won £23,133 in stakes.

At Auckland summer meeting Sweet Spray won the Great Northern Derby and ran second in the two miles Auckland Cup to Swannee and in which she didn't have the best of luck. Stake earnings then were slightly more than £7,000. The filly also won, among other races, New Zealand Oaks.

Sire of Sweet Spray, Neptune (imp.), is a son of Hyperion, a great English sire, while her dam, Fancy Free, was a daughter of Stephen the Great. Present season has been a bumper one for Dominion three-year-olds as other good ones of the age include Gold Script, Beaumaris, Golden Spa, and Lord Moss (now in Sydney).

YOU AND THE £

How its devaluation would affect your pocket

This was written and published in England just prior to the devaluation of the £. It explains in simple language just how the change-over affected individuals throughout the Empire.

CONSTANT talk of devaluing the pound makes us look suspiciously at those too few pound notes we get in our pay packets, and wonder how much they are going to be worth to us in the future.

Examining one of those notes, we find it states that the Bank of England promises to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one pound. But what would the pound mean in terms of hard cash if it were "devalued"? Would it still be worth twenty shillings, and would the shilling still be worth twelve pence?

The answer to these questions is "yes." The pound would still be exchangeable for the same amount of small change, which would have its former value in the shops.

Then what does devaluation mean,

since it does not imply any alteration in the amount of change we would get for a pound note?

It means that instead of being able to exchange a pound note for four dollars (4.03 is the strictly accurate figure) as we do at present, we would only be able to exchange it for, say, three or three-and-a-half dollars—depending on the extent to which we devalue.

And if we decide to devalue, not only would the precious dollar become dearer, but so would other foreign money such as French francs, Swiss francs, Italian lire, Swedish crowns. This would mean that everything we buy from these countries would cost us more, because we should have to pay more than we do now in pounds to obtain the foreign money with which to buy goods from overseas.

Naturally, having paid more for these goods, they would be sold at a

higher price in the shops here. So the cost of living would go up, and although our pound would still be worth twenty shillings in this country, it would not buy as much as it does now.

"Then why"—as an exasperated Yorkshireman asked his M.P. recently—"do we get all this daft talk about devaluing, if it's going to cost us more?"

For one reason only—to obtain more of those desperately needed dollars which we must have to buy essential raw materials and food in the United States and Canada. We can only obtain a fraction of these materials from other countries where we don't need to spend dollars.

Then how would devaluing the pound enable us to get hold of more dollars with which to buy those essential materials?

The theory is—and it is only a theory till proved in practice—that if we agree to exchange one pound for, let us say, three dollars instead of four as at present, it would cut the prices American and Canadian men and women have to pay for British-made goods by 25 per cent., thus stimulating sales. Hence more British goods would be sold and more dollars collected with which to buy more raw materials.

But the snag lies in those last few words. Although our goods might sell more readily, the cost of our raw materials would increase because our pound would not buy as many dollar goods as it does now. In the long run, some argue, we should be the losers.

TOLD in the Commons by Mr. T. Scollan (Lab., Renfrew W.), discussing Hairdressers' (Registration) Bill:

An English tourist in the Highlands broke his razor and was advised to go to the blacksmith's for a shave.

The blacksmith spat on the brush before lathering him, and when the shave was over he was asked:

"Do you always spit on the brush when you shave anybody?"

"No," said the blacksmith, "I only do that for visitors. When it is a native I spit on his face."

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IN ABSENTIA—1796

MR. George Harvest was one of the most absent-minded men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony; a great fisherman; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts. In his youth he was engaged to a daughter of the Bishop of London; but on his wedding day, being gudgeon-fishing, overstayed the canonical hour.

No one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost the animal, it being his practice to dismount and lead his horse, with the bridle under his arm. The horse sometimes shook itself free, and sometimes was taken off by boys, and the parson was seen dragging the bridle after him.

Sometimes he would purchase a pennworth of shrimps, and put them in his waistcoat pocket among tobacco, worms, gentles for fishing, and other odds and ends, and carry them about with him till his presence became almost insufferable.

He accompanied Lord Onslow to Calais, where they walked together on the rampart. He began to ponder some geometrical problem, and when he had solved it, he found he had lost himself in the middle of the town. Mr. Harvest could not speak one word of French; but recollecting my Lord was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant. He was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was an escaped lunatic.

He frequently used to forget the prayer days and walk into his church with his gun, to see what could have assembled the people there.

One day, being in a punt on the Thames with a friend, he began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author, and throwing himself backwards in an ecstasy, fell into the water. Once, being to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he had three sermons in his pocket: some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. Mr. Harvest began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse and grew confused; but nevertheless continued till he had preached out first all the churchwardens, next the clergy, and finally

the congregation, who thought he was taken mad.

He was a great lover of pudding. Once, the Archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life, amongst which he enumerated such things as health, beauty, riches and power: Mr. Harvest who had listened with great attention, stretched out his hand to help himself to a slice of pudding, but found it was all eaten. Turning to the Archdeacon, he begged that in the future catalogue of transitory things he would not forget to insert a pudding.

—From "The Ohio": by Francis Grose, F.R.S., 1796.

WHY YOU DON'T LIKE TO GET UP

MOST of us spend one-third of our lives in sleep, and though few of us enjoy getting up early in the morning, we have spent about 23 years in bed by the time we reach the average life span of 70. It is a strange fact that, though some human beings can sleep for years without serious ill-effects, a few days of complete sleeplessness would kill the hardiest of us.

One hour to 90 minutes after you first fall asleep is the perfect moment for the burglar, for then you are most deeply unconscious. After that, sleep gradually becomes lighter until, after about four hours, you can co-ordinate your faculties quickly, and two hours after that you are just about on top of your mental form when suddenly awakened — and quite capable of thinking out a plan of defence against a burglar.

The blood which in the daytime flows to the brain is concentrated on the skin, leaving the brain rather undernourished in sleep and causing the skin to warm up and perspire.

The tendency to snuggle down under the clothes to go to sleep is one of the most primitive of all, and has a simple explanation. Just as a stuffy room causes yawning and sleepiness, so the warm twice-

breathed air under the bedclothes helps to induce sleep. Dogs have the same technique when they bury their noses under their paws, and some of the earliest human skeletons found in Britain, dating back into the Bronze Age, were buried in just this position, with the hands over the face, obviously the sleeping posture. So our ancestors did it long before beds were invented.

—Alison Barnes in "Titbits."

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AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

RACING FIXTURES for 1950

MARCH

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 11
 (At Randwick)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 18
 (At Canterbury Park)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 25
 (At Rosehill)

APRIL

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 1
 (At Randwick)
 Australian Jockey Club Sat. 8
 Australian Jockey Club Mon. 10
 Australian Jockey Club Wed. 12
 Australian Jockey Club Sat. 15
 City Tattersall's Club Sat. 22
 (At Randwick)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 29
 (At Rosehill)

MAY

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 6
 (At Canterbury Park)
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 13
 (At Randwick)
 Tattersall's Club Sat. 20
 (At Randwick)

JUNE

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 3
 (At Randwick)
 Australian Jockey Club Sat. 10

Australian Jockey Club Mon. 12
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 17
 (At Moorefield)
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 24
 (At Randwick)

JULY

Australian Jockey Club Sat. 1
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 8
 (At Canterbury Park)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 15
 (At Canterbury Park)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 22
 (At Rosehill)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 29
 (At Rosehill)

AUGUST

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 5
 (At Canterbury Park)
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Mon. 7
 (At Randwick)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 12
 (At Canterbury Park)
 Hawkesbury Racing Club Sat. 19
 (At Rosehill)
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 26
 (At Randwick)

SEPTEMBER

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 2
 (At Canterbury Park)
 Tattersall's Club Sat. 9
 (At Randwick)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 16
 (At Rosehill)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 23
 (At Rosehill)
 Australian Jockey Club Sat. 30

OCTOBER

Australian Jockey Club Mon. 2
 Australian Jockey Club Wed. 4
 Australian Jockey Club Sat. 7
 City Tattersall's Club Sat. 14
 (At Randwick)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 21
 (At Rosehill)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 28
 (At Moorefield)

NOVEMBER

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 4
 (At Canterbury Park)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 11
 (At Canterbury Park)
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 18
 (At Randwick)
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 25
 (At Randwick)

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 2
 (At Randwick)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 9
 (At Rosehill)
 Sydney Turf Club Sat. 16
 (At Rosehill)
 Australian Jockey Club Sat. 23
 Australian Jockey Club Tues. 26
 Tattersall's Club Sat. 30
 (At Randwick)

REDSKIN WISDOM

WHEN all men are heavily laden, they can neither hunt nor travel any considerable distance, and if they meet with any success in hunting, who is to carry the products of their labour? Women were made for labour. One of them can carry or haul as much as two men . . . there is no such thing as long travel without their help. Moreover, they are only a trifling expense, for, as they always act as cooks, the very licking of their fingers in lean times is sufficient for their subsistence.

—Chief Mattonabee to Samuel Hearne, Hudson's Bay explorer.

KEN RANGER

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R 10 — RANDWICK — R 10

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DOUBLES ON ALL MAJOR EVENTS

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RAILS

RANDWICK C 11, CANTERBURY AND ROSEHILL

S. PETERS

R 13 — RAILS RANDWICK — R 13

Paddock — All Other Courses

Victorian Club,
Melbourne

TOM POWELL

"Longshot"

R 2 — RANDWICK — R 2

Rails All Other Courses

DOUBLES ON ALL MAJOR EVENTS

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

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AUTUMN MEETING

1950

TO BE HELD ON RANDWICK RACECOURSE

APRIL 8th, 10th, 12th and 15th, 1950

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PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

FIRST DAY: SATURDAY, APRIL 8th

A.J.C. SIRES' PRODUCE STAKES, £5,000 added Seven Furlongs
AUTUMN STAKES, £2,500 added One Mile and a Half
DONCASTER HANDICAP, £5,000 added One Mile
A.J.C. ST. LEGER, £3,000 added One Mile and Three-quarters

SECOND DAY: MONDAY, APRIL 10th

SYDNEY CUP, £10,000 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £500 . . Two Miles

THIRD DAY: WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12th

ALL-AGED STAKES, £2,500 added One Mile
CHAMPAGNE STAKES, £2,500 added Six Furlongs
CUMBERLAND STAKES, £2,000 added One Mile and Three-quarters

FOURTH DAY: SATURDAY, APRIL 15th

ADRIAN KNOX STAKES, £3,000 added One Mile and a Quarter
A.J.C. PLATE, £2,000 added Two Miles and a Quarter

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN,
Secretary.

6 BLIGH STREET, SYDNEY